

# The W E A S E L Uncas'd, or the In and Outside of a P R I E S T drawn to the Life.

A Protestant Priest, a Man of great Fame,  
To be Rich and Great was his only Aim,  
It was Dr. *Weasel*, the very same,

*Which no body can deny.*

This *Weasel* at first to get him some Grub,  
A little small Girl, and a little good Bub,  
*Diogenes* like, he Preached in a Tub,

*Which, &c.*

Yet in those Days he was very Fickle,  
And though he was Head of a great Conventicle,  
Yet he had a Months mind to be higher a little,

*Which, &c.*

And finding Ambition to grow with his Pride,  
And if he'd be great he must change his Side,  
He left all his Flock, and his first Faith deny'd,

*Which, &c.*

By which they perceiv'd his Heart was grown Evil,  
They put forth a Book, which he thought uncivil,  
The Title was, *Weasel's Dispute with the Devil*,

*Which, &c.*

In which Learned Piece they there did discover,  
That, like unto *Judas*, he was a false Brother,  
And of a full Bag he is a great Lover,

*Which, &c.*

To which bloody Charge he answer'd in Season,  
And why he left them, told 'em his Reason,  
And prov'd all their Tenets border'd on Treason,

*Which, &c.*

And then, like a Hero, he did lay about,  
And swore he would Preach all their Tub-bottoms out,  
And prove them to be a Phanatical Rout,

*Which, &c.*

And truly he was as good as his Word,  
And writ a fine Book, though by them abhorrd,  
*The Case of Resistance*, which stands on Record,

*Which, &c.*

In that Loyal Piece, against the Precise,  
He prov'd by all the Grave, Learned and Wise,  
Obedience is better than all Sacrifice,

*Which, &c.*

And then he proceeded by Scripture and Reason,  
To prove Non-Resistance always in Season,  
And its opposite Doctrine no less than Treason,

*Which, &c.*

And having observ'd the Laws o'th' Nation,  
With those of the Gospel, had a Relation,  
Said, those that Resist would receive just Damnation,

*Which, &c.*

To strengthen this Point he quoted St. Paul,  
St. Peter, St. Jude, our Saviour and all, [fall,  
Proving none cou'd be Sav'd who from that Faith did

*Which, &c.*

But what will you say of this *Weasel* stout,  
If after all this he shou'd face about,  
And in print tell the World in truth he was out,

*Which, &c.*

Yet Reason and Conscience a War did begin,  
And struggled with Pride and Ambition within,  
To take the new Oaths he long thought a Sin,

*Which, &c.*

His Spouse, like *Job's* Wife, to ease his Heart-aching,  
Did press him to swear that he was mistaken,  
Though some think it was for to save his Bacon,

*Which, &c.*

At first he did doubt, and therefore did pray,  
That Heaven wou'd instruct him in the Right way,  
Whether *Jimmy* or *William* he ought to obey,

*Which, &c.*

The Pass at the *Boyne* determin'd that Case,  
And Precept to Providence then did give place,  
To change his Opinion he thought no disgrace,

*Which, &c.*

For though he had done the same Thing before,  
Yet now for his Comfort he need Change no more,  
For his *Case of Allegiance* will serve for a score,

*Which, &c.*

For there he has plainly made it appear,  
That Strength gives a Right, therefore we may swear  
To him in Possession, though not the Right Heir,

*Which, &c.*

And shou'd a Fray happen 'twixt Father and Son,  
If the Boy beat his Father, and so make him Run,  
Providence had appointed that Thing to be done,

*Which, &c.*

Besides, he has prov'd the mighty Convenience  
Of Subjects transferring their Faith and Allegiance,  
To those that can crush 'em all into Obedience,

*Which, &c.*

So let O. P. or P. O. be King,  
Or any one else, it is the same Thing,  
For only Heaven does that Blessing bring,

*Which, &c.*

But this with the Scripture can never agree,  
As *Hosea* the Eighth, and the Fourth you may see,  
They have set up Kings, but yet not by me,

*Which, &c.*

Now what need the Prophet there to complain,  
If the Peoples Anointed, and God's were the same?  
If so, *David's* Friends they all were to blame,

*Which, &c.*

For though God permitted the People to bring  
Good *David's* Son forth, and proclaim him King,  
Yet all the World knows how he punish'd the Thing,

*Which, &c.*

And may all such Sons enjoy the same Fate,  
That dethrone their Father, and him Abdicate,  
No doubt it will happen in time, soon or late,

*Which, &c.*

With one Remarck more I'll end this dull Song,  
And his fulsom Republican Arguments strong,  
Which makes *Wrong* to be *Right*, and *Right* to be *Wrong*,

*Which, &c.*

That Famous old Priest, the Vicar of *Bray*,  
Who in all Change of Times knew how to obey,  
Was an Als to the *Weasel*, if I may so say,

*Which, &c.*

And truly I think no more need be said,  
By a Penny we know how a Shilling's made,  
For Priest and Priest-craft is all but a Trade,

*Which, &c.*

And thus I in little have drawn to the Life,  
His Flesh and his Spirit alway at Strife,  
But the Flesh did prevail by the help of his Will

*Which no body can deny, deny*

*which no body can deny*

F I N I S.